

After Temptation

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After Temptation

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Summary

It isn't often that Hannibal gets to perform a laser-assisted branding on a client, but then, Will Graham isn't a typical client.

Notes

Day 31 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Combo! We decided on a College AU/Tattoo Parlor AU combination!

Will is a masochist who comes to Hannibal's parlor for some scarification... he ends up with a bit more!

AU_Gust has been a wild ride and we've loved every moment of this experience. Thanks to all of you for reading along with us! <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It isn't often Hannibal gets to perform a laser-assisted branding on a client, but then, Will Graham isn't a typical client. Hannibal settles on his stool beside the wide leather chair Will currently sits within, signing his standard release forms. He's lovely to look at, that much is obvious, but from their few conversations prior to the session Hannibal has managed to glean several interesting facts about the college student.

Will isn't the usual type to come to Hannibal for a scarification session, Hannibal's shop the only one within three hundred miles that caters specifically to laser branding and not just scarification through cutting or strike branding. That request alone had been enough to pique Hannibal's interest, but Will's reasoning for wanting his specific marks was far more intriguing.

"If you could just remove your shirt and pants. I have disposable paper robes you are welcome to use to respect your privacy while I work, I'm happy to go collect one for you?" Hannibal watches as Will blinks up at him, signing his name to the final form and passing the clipboard back to him.

"No, that's fine. I don't need a robe." Will shuffles to comply with Hannibal's instructions, removing his clothes and placing them in a surprisingly neat pile on the stainless steel table beside them, eyes drifting over some of the collected tools already sitting at the ready.

"Very well. If you could just move to your stomach. Let me know if you need me to adjust the chair for your comfort. This shouldn't take overly long since we have the stencil mapped out already, but I want to ensure you are in a comfortable position."

Will nods vaguely, sweat glistening on his skin even though the temperature is turned down in the room. Hannibal notices his nipples are slightly pebbled already, and finds it curious when coupled with the uptick he already hears in Will's breathing.

"The wings should take just over an hour, yeah?" Hannibal knows Will most likely asks out of some residual nervousness, knows the boy did his research before coming to Hannibal as he had been extremely knowledgeable since their first exchanged email and subsequent phone call.

Hannibal hums in response, stepping away to the small sink in the corner to wash his hands thoroughly a final time before putting on a pair of black gloves. "It all truly depends on the client. Some sit the entire time and others require breaks. Please let me know if you need a break at any point during the session. I usually ask at around the halfway mark and again closer to the end."

Will nods again, his head pillowed against his arms where he lays stretched out for Hannibal's gaze. Hannibal gets his fair share of college students at *Saint Sebastian's Tattoo Parlour*; but he's never done scarring on any of them. When he was first starting out he did the typical sorts of tattoos one would expect from a small college town, only now, several years later, able to be far more selective with his clients. Will is the most fascinating of all.

He claimed, with trepidation threading his voice, that he wanted a pair of wings on his back stretching from his shoulder blades all the way down to his glutes. When pressed for a reason why, he told Hannibal he'd always dreamed he had them, could feel the hollow ache of where they should fall along his back. Hannibal was immediately fascinated, and meeting Will in person had only furthered that regard.

Hannibal uses a disposable razor to shave any fine hairs from Will's skin, and then wipes down his entire back with an alcohol drenched cloth. Once he's certain Will is ready, he settles back on his stool and applies the stencil he drew so the outline of the wings is faint against Will's back. He picks up his pen, checking the connection to the electrosurgical unit.

"Are you ready, Will?" Hannibal's pen hovers just above the first arch of the left wing, right above Will's shoulder blade.

"Yes." Will's voice doesn't shake, but he sounds tense, anticipatory. Hannibal turns on the unit and directs the laser at the pale line of his stencil, pressing the button and watching as Will's flesh is vaporized away.

Will hisses in surprise, his muscles tensing and relaxing beneath the onslaught of the pain. Hannibal samples every tool he uses in his artistry, knows exactly the exquisite, bright pain of the laser when it slices through flesh. "Would you like to proceed?" Hannibal knows what the answer will be but asks it regardless, keeping to his standard practice.

"Yes," this time Will's voice sounds strained, and Hannibal can scent the faint but growing smell of arousal on him.

How curious.

"If you wish to pause at all, please let me know," Hannibal instructs him, "And, of course, I'll need you to remain as still as possible."

"Got it," Will agrees in a rush, and Hannibal takes his confidence at face value and begins the lasering in earnest.

His pen glides in smooth arcs over the delicate lines of the stencil, focusing first on the entirety of one wing so that, in the event Will *does* decide to stop early, he will be left with at least half of the intended piece rather than both wings partially done. For this reason, he keeps to the broad shape of the wing, so it can always be identifiable, and moves on to the more intricate swirls and dips when he's certain Will is in no danger of waffling on this decision.

Will's breathing remains heavy, though steady, the heady, peppery scent of his arousal growing stronger with each new line Hannibal's pen passes over. His hair has grown heavy with sweat, the locks at his nape and behind his ears growing even curlier in their dampness, and Hannibal has the unexpected and wholly inappropriate urge to bend down and lick at the droplets that bead along the back of his neck.

Will doesn't make conversation as Hannibal works, though at one point Hannibal is certain he hears a soft grunt pulled from the young man's throat just before his hips shift slightly.

Hannibal himself is generally not one who feels the need to fill the silence in a room, and contents himself with focusing on Will's breathing, his soft hisses and sighs. Time passes in a blur, lost to the hum of the machine and the mesmerizing sight of Will's blank flesh morphing into a canvas beneath Hannibal's hand, and he's surprised to find that nearly forty minutes have passed when he pauses in his work and bends his face down to where Will's rests in the hollow of the chair.

"The left side is done. You sat very well for me, thank you. Would you like to take a break?"

"No, I'm good," Will grits through clenched tight teeth, and Hannibal again takes him at his word and moves his stool to Will's other side so that he won't need to lean over the freshly marked skin. The heat is high enough that it vaporizes flesh, doing no damage to the surrounding skin and helping expedite the healing process due to the relatively minimal trauma suffered to the body. Even still, Hannibal double checks the cling film he'd wrapped the adjustable chair in is still in place even against Will's sweating flesh. Once he finds it is still firmly intact he returns to his process, now working on the broad strokes of the right wing.

He works in silence for several moments, wholly focused on his art until he reaches the center of Will's upper spine, where the two wings converge. The lines here are deeper and in some places converge with the lines from the left wing, and Will hisses again, this one followed by a low groan.

Hannibal has seen quite literally nearly everything possible in his years as a tattoo artist, plenty of people become aroused while under his tattoo gun, though none ever as beautifully or as obviously as Will. His arousal has grown sharp and bright, unignorable as it thickens the air in the room and clogs Hannibal's throat.

"Everything alright, Will?"

The words seem to surprise Will, the boy lost to his pleasure, and he clears his throat before deciding against speaking and shaking his head in the negative instead.

"Do let me know if you need a break," Hannibal reminds him, picking back up where he had stopped. He decides to work from the outside in for this final wing, curious to see how Will might respond to the prolonged pain of the center brand if he doesn't have the reprieve of Hannibal's pen moving on to other areas further away.

Another half hour passes in near silence, Hannibal's mind swirling with broken, jumbled images that make little sense but all seem to point to Will. He wonders if the scent of Will's pre-come wetting his underwear is what hazes his own mind, but he's pulled from such thoughts when Will *moans*, the sound unmistakable as anything other than pleasure.

"Will?" Hannibal asks, smirking when Will's moan turns into a groan of embarrassment, the skin of his nape flushing a pleasing pink.

"Uh, I'm *so sorry*," Will stutters, shifting uncomfortably until Hannibal stills him with a hand to his hip, holding him in place.

“It’s perfectly natural. I’ve even had people reach orgasm in my chair.”

“Oh god. How fucking embarrassing,” Will’s voice is still breathless and thready, and Hannibal’s cock stirs in his pants.

“There’s nothing at all to be ashamed of,” Hannibal assures him. He can feel the warmth of Will’s skin through his boxers where his hand still rests on his hip and has to actively tamp down on the urge to slide it a little higher, to feel the soft skin, if even only through his gloves. “At the risk of sounding terribly unprofessional, I’ve never seen anyone react to my work as lovely as you do.”

Will huffs out a laugh, turning his head to the side to peer back at Hannibal as best he can. “You trying to tell me you’re getting off on this just as much as I am?”

He doesn’t sound offended or disgusted - far from it; his voice is lazy and husky with arousal, his eyes, such a brilliant blue when he’d first walked into Hannibal’s shop, now darkening to the shade of a tempest-tossed sea with lust. Even if he’d wanted to put on a show, he’d never be able to hide from Hannibal the thickening musk of his arousal, nor the way the pulse at the base of his throat begins to thrum quicker with the statement.

“As a matter of fact, I am,” Hannibal admits, boldly and unashamed. “Does that information interest you?”

“As a matter of fact, it does,” Will quips back wryly, begins to turn over to better face him.

Hannibal’s hand tightens on his hip, urging him to stay still. “We’re nearly done, greedy boy. Allow me to finish and then we can...explore this further.”

Will gives a nod and settles, resting his cheek on the headrest and releasing a steadying breath. “Go ahead.”

Hannibal continues his work, twisting slowly through the pattern that trails his spine, and it’s not long before Will speaks, sounding almost sleepy, as though slowly being soothed by the near-constant pain.

“It feels right that you’re doing this. And not just because you’re the only one around that does this kinda work. I got this sense even when we first started emailing, you know? That we would get along.”

“I found myself intrigued by you immediately,” Hannibal agrees. “I wasn’t surprised at all when you showed up today in the form of the most beautiful boy I’ve had the pleasure of meeting.” Will’s cheeks pinken at that and he turns away, burying his face into the headrest as he releases another low moan and his hips give an aborted twitch.

“That was the last of it,” Hannibal informs him.

“How does it look?”

Hannibal studies the broad planes of Will’s back, the intricate and delicate swirls of fresh scarring that stretch across and down it, and has to resist running a hand over his work.

“Exquisite. Though, to be fair, I had a stunning canvas on which to work.”

“Flatterer,” Will sounds breathless as Hannibal drags his gloved fingers gently against the wounds, tracing the whirling pattern of a wing with the barest touch of his fingertip. Even that soft sensation sends a shiver through Will’s entire body, draws an even lovelier shade of red to his flesh as he squirms beneath Hannibal’s touch.

Hannibal feels a flash of inspiration while he watches Will react so resplendently for him, his need to see how much else he can draw from the boy nearly overwhelming. “I’d like to make an addition to the design if you’d permit it. Not to your back, but something unique, above your heart.”

It will be a lot of trust to place in the hands of a near stranger, but Hannibal is certain Will will say yes, unable to resist his own intrigue. Seconds later, his expectations are confirmed when Will lets out a shaky exhale of breath, his *yes* nearly lost on a whimper.

“It’ll hurt to be on your back, but I’ll attempt to alleviate some of the worst of it by adjusting your chair.” Hannibal assures him, removing his fingers from Will’s back almost forlornly, though he knows he’ll be touching him again soon enough.

They make the adjustment, Hannibal ensuring the clingfilm is still in place beneath Will, protecting his wounds. Once Will is settled straddling the chair Hannibal pulls the lever to adjust it back into a more suitable sitting position, again preparing his tools and moving closer.

The angle will be awkward, and Hannibal doesn’t have a stencil to guide him this time, only a clear image in his mind that he can’t seem to shake. His eyes linger on the erection that strains Will’s boxers, an answering harness in his own pants that draws them uncomfortably tight over his crotch, before darting up to the expanse of untouched skin that rests over Will’s racing heart. He leans close, resting his elbow on Will’s heaving abdomen. Hannibal can feel Will’s pulse where it races rabbit fast through him, though he knows it’s from arousal and not fear.

They sit in silence for a few moments once Hannibal starts, nothing but the soft whimpering mewls pulled from Will’s throat as background noise. “What are you adding? The shape feels familiar.”

Hannibal has just completed the sword and is about to start on the ouroboros when Will breaks the silence. His voice sounds thready and broken, and something in Hannibal becomes untethered. “Will, I need -”

“Yes, *please*, Hannibal,” Will doesn’t even allow him to continue, his eyes snapping open to pin Hannibal with his gaze, eyes nearly entirely consumed by inky blackness and the scent of his arousal thick and spiced in the close space.

Hannibal lays his tools down and makes quick work of his pants, removing his gloves along with them. They are so far past the pretense of professionalism or protocol, and he finds an unignorable urge within him to *touch*. He needs to feel Will’s flesh beneath his hands without the latex barrier to separate them.

He climbs atop Will's thighs, settling heavily over them before he knees up a little higher. He can feel Will's bulge through the fabric of Will's underwear, wet enough at the head that Hannibal feels it slick against his ass.

Will's hands reach out to him immediately, wrap around Hannibal's hips and hold him steady as though to ensure Hannibal won't change his mind and pull away. Hannibal frees Will from the confines of his boxers, not even bothering with attempting to tug them down, hastily spits into his hand and wraps it around what Hannibal thinks may be the most beautiful cock he's ever seen.

Will's hips buck up into his grip immediately, a long, low groan pulled from his throat. "Feel so fucking good already..."

"Just wait," Hannibal murmurs, raising higher on his knees and positioning himself where he holds Will steady.

Will's grip tightens on his hips, his eyes widening as he shakes his head. "You're not ready yet."

"What I lack in preparation is well compensated by enthusiasm," Hannibal tells him, lining up and sinking down until Will's cockhead presses against his tight, dry hole. He locks his eyes upon Will's, holding his gaze as he flashes him a smirk. "You're not the only one who enjoys pain."

The moan that statement pulls from Will is overtaken by a strangled whine when Hannibal sinks down onto him completely in a single breath, forcing Will's spit-slicked cock to split him open, buried as deep as it can go as he settles into Will's lap.

"*Fuck,*" Will huffs out a breath, his fingers turning to claws on Hannibal's hips, and Hannibal knows he'll have marks in the shape of his fingernails once this is over. He puts his hands on the center of Will's chest, fingertips just barely caressing against the outermost edges of the unfinished brand above his heart. The gasp it pulls from Will is intoxicating, Will transcendently beautiful in his suffering.

Hannibal adjusts so that Will's cock is pressed tight to his prostate, trying not to shift his hips too much as he leans over to collect his tool and finish his design. "It's a sword wrapped in an ouroboros, a design I couldn't seem to get out of my thoughts while we've been together today."

"A snake that eats itself for all eternity. Is that a destiny of suffering or of fulfillment?" Will ponders absently, and Hannibal can hear the hitch in his breath as Hannibal shifts slightly, Will's cock rubbing insistently against his walls.

"Perhaps both, two sides of the same fate, intertwined and inescapable." Hannibal draws his tool in a soft curved line, starting with the bottom of the snake's body. Will grows restless beneath him nearly instantly, his entire body flushed and broken out in a fevered sweat at the constant stimulation and the pain.

Even as Hannibal sits still atop him Will begins to thrust his hips up in quick, nearly aborted motions, driving his cock deeper and deeper into Hannibal's tightly gripping body. At one point his cockhead pulls out to the edge of Hannibal's rim, nearly popping out of him before he drives himself back down onto it, unwilling to part with Will just yet.

"Be still, Will. We are nearly finished with your final design and then you can have me as you like," Hannibal leans low to whisper against the shell of Will's ear, making sure his chest drags against the open wound on Will's chest as he does.

Will releases a soft whine at that but obeys, falling still beneath him. Pleased with his obedience, Hannibal leans back and rewards Will by continuing his work in long, slow strokes; the curvy design will result in the cleanest work if he keeps the pen going continuously, and he doesn't think Will minds the lack of reprieve regardless.

He can feel Will's thighs tensed beneath his own, either a natural reaction to the pain in his chest or a measured action to hold himself back from moving the way he desires to. Perhaps both. Hannibal clenches around his cock experimentally and smiles when the action results in a string of muttered curses, Will's fingers digging deeper still into Hannibal's hips until Hannibal is certain the whorls and swirls of Will's fingerprints will be embedded into his very bones.

Good. He'll more than welcome Will's own mark upon him.

"I'd like to see you again, after this," Hannibal informs him softly, the words falling carelessly from his lips before his mind can even catch up on processing them. He stops the pen, moving his gaze to Will's as he asks, "Will you let me?"

"Yes," Will rasps out, nodding weakly. "Yeah, of course."

Hannibal sets his pen aside and leans down to place the ghost of a kiss - just a soft brush of lips - over Will's burned flesh, Hannibal's own mark that will stay with him forever. Will's startled hiss morphs quickly into a moan as his hips give another aborted thrust up into Hannibal. He aims his mouth higher, licking up the trail of sweat that slips down the column of Will's throat, ending the journey with an untamed nip to the sharp edge of Will's jaw before he drags his lips over to claim Will's own.

He pushes himself down harder on Will's lap, leaning across his body so Will's back is pressed tight to the clingfilm beneath him, and swallows down Will's whimpering mewl of pain at the harsh sensations on his wounded back. "You look so beautiful like this, Will. Like every ounce of pain I can give you is nothing but euphoria for you. I'd see you like this as often as you desired."

"Hannibal, *please*," Will's words are a pleading moan, his eyes intent on Hannibal as Hannibal balances himself and begins to move, slowly at first, chasing tight figure eights with his hips, letting Will's cock brush against his sensitive inner walls. "Yes, just like that." Hannibal kisses Will again, unable to resist, letting his teeth slice through the thin flesh of his bottom lip until he can taste warm copper on his tongue.

Will whines and moves beneath Hannibal, no longer able to keep still, and Hannibal doesn't correct him this time, lets him move as he likes. Will uses his grip on Hannibal's hips to move him up and down along his shaft, hissing his pleasure into Hannibal's mouth as he fucks into the warm, tight heat of Hannibal's body.

"You feel so good, Will, magnificent," Hannibal praises him, letting his nails dig into the skin just beneath Will's chest, smirking viciously when Will cries out and presses into the touch, desperate for more of whatever Hannibal wants to give him.

Hannibal works them up to a brutal pace, abandoning the slow gyrations of his hips for a steady bouncing, clenching around Will's cock and riding him hard and fast, the sounds of their flesh slapping together obscene and loud in the enclosed space. He needs more, wraps a hand around Will's neck so he can feel his pulse race in his throat and feel him swallow desperately against Hannibal's palm.

His skin is fever-warm, stained red with the flush of his arousal and his pain in an addictive display, the scent of him sweetly spiced and sharp, like cloves and sugar water. Hannibal leans low to lick some of the sweat from Will's neck, trails his tongue along his chin and lips to collect some blood in his mouth and then licks behind Will's teeth, spreading his own taste into him.

When they finally break apart to breathe Hannibal can tell Will is dangerously close, and he knows he won't be far behind. His rim is sore, burning with the friction of being so well filled, but it only drives him to fuck himself on Will's cock harder, faster, rushing now towards their release. He releases Will's throat when it seems he wants to speak but is struggling to draw enough air, Will gulping, filling his lungs before speaking.

"Gonna come, Hannibal, get off," Will groans, tries to displace Hannibal with his vice grip, but Hannibal tightens his thighs around Will's hips and presses himself down harder on his lap.

"You'll come inside of me, I know we both desire it. Mark me up, Will, like I've marked you," Hannibal growls. His throat feels wrecked from all the sounds he's tried to hold back, all the pleasure he's not allowed himself to voice. He doesn't hold his sounds back now, letting loose the moans and grunts of pain and pleasure he's wanted to give voice to all along.

Will's cock hits directly against his prostate with every downward thrust, and Hannibal only increases his frantic pace when he starts to feel Will's cock twitch inside of him. He presses his thumbnail into the mouth of the snake on Will's chest, comes across his lower abdomen completely untouched when that touch pulls Will's orgasm from him nearly violently, Will's knees coming up to nearly dismount Hannibal from his perch.

"Oh my god," Will breathes, nails dragging painful pink lines down Hannibal's hips before his hands settle on Hannibal's thighs. Will thrusts a few more times weakly up into Hannibal's clenching body, pushing his seed deeper into Hannibal, though Hannibal can feel some of it leaking out past his rim and down his cheeks to drip between Will's thighs onto the chair below.

Will falls completely lax beneath him, melting into the chair, unheeding of the discomfort that must shoot through his back like fire in spite of the pleasure that sings through the rest of his nerve endings. He squirms and whines when Hannibal continues to ride him lazily, both of them reaching the edge of pleasure and barreling past it into pain as they grow over-sensitive in the wake of their release.

Finally Hannibal stills, allowing the both of them to catch their breath and free their minds from the haze of feeding into each other's pain and pleasure. Will's chest heaves for breath beneath him, and Hannibal leans down once more to steal what little he finds, capturing his mouth in a deep but languid kiss.

"Would you like to see them?" Hannibal murmurs against Will's lips when he finally releases them.

Will gives a contented hum, blinking up at Hannibal almost sleepily. "Course I do," he mumbles lazily.

Hannibal presses one more soft kiss to his lips and urges him to stay put until he can retrieve a rag to cleanse him and Will just nods, lounging back into the chair as though it were a part of him. When Hannibal returns Will blinks up at him, cheeks flushing an even darker shade as though he's grown bashful - perhaps realizing what has just transpired with a relative stranger - but his eyes shine with adoration and longing, and the sight makes Hannibal's breath catch.

Hannibal wipes at the mess he's made of Will's abdomen and then at his groin, finally giving a cursory wipe to his own thighs and battered hole before abandoning the rag to the ground beside them and reaching down to help Will stand from the chair.

He can hear the separation between Will's wounded back and the cling wrap beneath him, Will giving a soft hiss at the sensation, though Hannibal's eyes drop to the boy's groin, interested to see his soft cock twitch with pleasure even so soon after finding release. He can't help but imagine a myriad of scenarios, all the ways he can hurt Will while bringing them both to completion. The possibilities are endless, and Hannibal's mind goes nearly dizzy in an attempt to catalogue them all at once.

He leads Will to the floor-length mirror along the far wall, smiling when he catches Will's wide grin as his eyes study the design Hannibal couldn't help but etch into his flesh. And then he holds his breath, the scent musky and sweet with arousal and release growing acrid as anxiety suddenly seizes him. Hannibal watches his reflection as Will swallows thickly, steels himself, and then turns around, head twisting to view his back in the mirror over his shoulder.

Of all the reactions Hannibal has witnessed to his work, he's not prepared for the wounded sound that's torn from Will's throat, nor the way the young man falls immediately to his knees. He curls in on himself with a gut-wrenching sob, seemingly torn between seeking comfort in growing as small as he can and glancing over his shoulder to keep the view of his back.

Hannibal steps toward him slowly, stomach twisting in his gut and heart in his throat as he crouches down in front of the trembling boy choking on his sobs, hesitant to reach out to him but aching to all the same. “Will?” He tries softly, finally relenting to the overwhelming urge to impose his touch upon the young man when he doesn’t respond to Hannibal’s voice.

He brushes a hand through Will’s sweaty curls, pushing them back from where they fall across his forehead to curtain his eyes from view. His next instinct is to ask his client if he’s unhappy with the final result, but even the very thought of such a thing being the reason for his reaction tastes so bitter in his mouth after the afternoon they’ve shared that Hannibal finds the words clog and die in his throat.

Instead, he asks, “Will, are you alright?”

It’s only when Will tips his head up to face him that Hannibal realizes the shaking of his shoulders was not from lingering, silent sobs, but from breathless laughter. His eyes are wide, as striking and violent as the ocean they were colored for, and shine just as wetly. His mouth is stretched in a grin, working soundlessly to find words to respond until finally he simply breathes, “It’s *me*.” Hannibal isn’t quite sure how to respond to that, and Will must sense it, because his smile only grows as a manic and disbelieving giggle tears from his throat and he repeats. “They’re *mine*. It’s *me*, Hannibal. I’ve never -”

His next huff of laughter is strangled by another overwhelmed sob, and Will reaches out to clutch at Hannibal’s forearms tightly. “I’ve always felt as though there was a piece of me missing. Like a phantom limb, something I knew *should* be there but *wasn’t* and you - you gave it *back*.”

He darts forward then, tightening his hold on Hannibal as he captures his mouth in a desperate, breathless kiss, so eager to show his gratitude. “*Thank you*,” he breathes against his lips when they part.

Hannibal feels the tension that had begun to build within him at Will’s first reaction crumble to dust and blow away in the aftermath of Will’s revelation, the sour twist in his core immediately morphing to relieved pleasure. “It was a pleasure to work with you, Will. Truly,” he thanks the young man, mouth quirked as he adds, “And not only due to the way the experience ended.”

Will gives another breathless huff of laughter, reaching up to wipe at his eyes before turning his gaze over his shoulder once again to view his back in the mirror. “You gave me so much today. I don’t even know how to thank you.”

“Let me take you out,” Hannibal suggests with embarrassing speed.

Will grins at him, his shining eyes turning mirthful. “I already said you could do that.”

Hannibal reaches out to cup Will’s cheeks in his palms tenderly, tipping his face up to receive the lingering kiss Hannibal leans down to press to his lips. “Let me keep you,” he whispers the suggestion against Will’s mouth, his heart racing when he feels the other man’s lips twisting up into a grin once more

“Yeah,” Will agrees softly, glancing up at Hannibal with bashfully adoring eyes. “Sounds fair.”

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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We also have a Discord server where you can chat with us, throw us prompts, and post images/art inspired by our work! You may also catch a snippet or two of some WIPs! DM us on Twitter for details!

'Til next time!   BellaRai

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